

In Days Of Old

When the French cable landed on Duxbury Beach there was a great celebration and we thought it would build up the town, but except for a few new families it went on about the same. Some of the young men connected with it coming from France and England married Duxbury girls and settled down in the town, becoming as much a part of it as the natives.

**SNUG HARBOR HAPPY
FISH MARKET NEW YEAR
Carl and Cully**

It was a custom in the summer time for the women to lie down after the midday dinner and have a nap. Every blind was closed in every house and the town looked deserted. Then about 4:30 or 5 p.m. the parlor blinds were thrown open and the town was awake and ready for visitors as "calling" was much in vogue. It was on such a day that my fate rode into town. It was a hot July day and we lay stretched out on the bed, the music of the hammers in the shipyard lulling us

quickly to sleep, when suddenly we were awakened by the sharp summons of "Get up and dress quickly for Fred Sampson has brought his friend Mr. Wilkison to see you." "Oh, can't you excuse us?" "No, they didn't come to see me and you girls must come down -- dress just as quickly as you can," and she was gone. We never thought of disobeying our mother so we rose at once and much against our wishes went down when I met my fate -- fortunately a happy one. Bathrooms were unknown. Every house had its pump in

(Continued on Page 5)

IN DAYES

(Continued from Front Page)

the kitchen sink, or out of doors, and all the water had to be carried up stairs and down. Sewing machines had not been invented and there were no ready-made garments even in the city stores. Little girls were all taught to sew, and women were kept busy with the family sewing, and in the winter evenings knitting the men's socks and the children's scarves and hoods, and had little time for gadding about. But I think there was much more family life than at the present time, more cozy evenings around the evening lamp and reading aloud, though there were no town libraries then. Sometimes we played old maids, everlasting, or Dr. Busby, checkers of backgammon. Later euchre came in.

AUGUST FAIR

Then, as now, we had a Fair

in August in the Academy Hall, which was planned and captained principally by Mrs. Daniel Winsor, who set us all at work whether we would or no, and the result did her and all the ladies credit. There was for an organ for the Unitarian Church when they made \$1000 -- and the very handsome and substantial cemetery fence was paid for in that way, the whole town being interested and working for that.

The dear old cemetery! So quiet and retired from the gaiety and bustle of the summer life; where so many of our dear ones lie, as they drop away one by one. And many who left the town even 25 or 30 years ago come back to lie in that quiet peaceful place, where only the wind among the pines and the song of the birds break the stillness. It is a hallowed spot that we old-timers all love.

In my girlhood days the Unitarian Church was well filled in the summer. In July and August the well-to-do people had relatives and friends come from Boston and other places to visit them for a few weeks, and then the town was wide awake and lively, boating, riding, picnicking and tea parties. As a grand wind-up of the season there was a parish party to which young and old went and danced the round dances, cotillon, Hall's Victory, Virginia Reel; such pretty friendly parties; white-haired men, and ladies in caps, young married people, engaged couples, and young men from Boston and other places who had heard of or met some of the Duxbury

girls. That was on Friday night and on Saturday was the big picnic to Brant Rock. There was but one house there then, an old-fashioned farm house not far from the rock. All sorts of vehicles were put in commission and young people and old went to that. We had clams and fish-chowder, fried fish right out of the water, lobster, huckleberry pies and cake, and many other good things, but we noticed the chowder was served in large white bowls very like the wash-bowls upstairs! On Sunday the big church was full. After the service the vestibule was like a reception, people greeting and parting, as most of them left the next day, though a few stayed on to enjoy the warm, hazy days of early fall.

CHARACTERS

There were many peculiar people in town, real characters, about whom one might have written tales equal to some of Miss Wilkins' funny but pathetic stories of country people. There was Mary Ann Alden, a direct descendant from John and

(Continued on Page 8)

IN DAYES

(Continued from Page 5)

Priscilla, who sat in a north "wing pew" at the church and during the long sermon of Mr. Moore, watched out for all the young people and visitors in town and made her peculiar and cutting remarks about them afterwards.

Lois Brewster, in one of the south wing pews, made her observations also, and at one time when there were three new engagements in our set, hurried down the church steps and tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "I like the looks of your young man best of them all."

Bidley Soule, a giant of a man in size, slouching, but with keen wit, who put the puzzling epitaph on his mother's gravestone "The chisel can't help her."

In the winter we returned the visits of our relatives and friends and got our taste of life in the city and suburbs,

our first acquaintance with the theatre, opera, concerts, etc.

Once on coming home in the spring we left Boston on the 6th or 8th of April just as it was beginning to snow. When we got to Kingston only the mail carriage with one horse was there to meet the train as the storm was so bad. With some difficulty we got as far as Hall's Corner, when the driver said he could take us no further as the drifts were so deep between there and the village, so we had to spend the night at Charles Soule's at the corner.

SKATING POPULAR

The Point boys skated at a pond at the Eagle Tree, since called Wright's Pond. If any girls attempted it with their

brothers' states they were called tom-boys. But they slid on the ice and went coasting on sleds. The sleighs went in- gling about, and once in the winter, usually, a big sleigh- ride was gotten up to go to Co- hasset or Hingham and have a supper. They went in a big boat-shaped sleigh that held about 20 people. They chose a moonlight night, danced after supper, and came home long after midnight, walking up peo- ple along the road with their sleigh bells. There were no houses on what is now the Stan- dish shore, the last house being Marshall Soule's, later known as Mrs. Lyman Drew's. She took summer boarders and first attracted people to that part of a dancing school in Masonic Hall. He played the violin well and always played at dances. John Wilde had a singing school in Duxbury for years, and in those days the young people

(Continued on Page 2)

IN DAYS
(Continued from Page 8)
of a neighborhood in the summer evenings collected on the door- steps--where were no piazzas-- singing songs, all joining in heartily, and sang together the popular songs being not so cri- tical as now, though one or two were the acknowledged leaders. As each set of young people grew up the summers were kept lively and enough people lived some sociability in the winter time. It was in the 70's that the ladies of the Unitarian So- ciety bought a building, Brooks Stable and Express Office, and fitted the lower part for their sewing room with kitchen, etc., and made a hall with a fine floor for dancing upstairs. It was called Duxborough Hall. They had a janitor and on Saturday nights gave ten-cent parties which were very pop- ular, informal and lively. For

(Continued on Back Page)

IN DAYS
(Continued from Page 2)

one time it was the only hall. The ladies enjoyed their meet- ings with a luncheon and did good work. But gradually they died or moved away until so few were left the meetings were given up. A larger hall, Martineau, was built for dancing or movies on the lower floor. Finally Miss Hathaway generously bought Duxbury Hall and presented it to the Unitarian Society for their Parish House and in the winter months they hold a service there.

What is now Mrs. Horace Soule's house formerly stood down nearly on the shore, oc- cupied by a Peterson family, and was called Haudoy Castle. I don't recall. Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, who came with his family one summer to board at the Howard's discovered the slightness of its present sit- uation and had it moved there, remodelled (piazzas, etc.), in the 70's and occupied it sev- eral summers. Then Mr. Train came with his family of lively young people, when tennis was introduced and raged here. The place is still in the Train fam- ily, being owned by the young- est daughter.

Duxbury is changed, perhaps for the better. Now it has its Yacht Club, its tennis courts, and its golf links, its tea-houses and gift-shops. The roads are good and automobiles fly hither and thither constantly. More and more the old houses are being bought and remodelled and new ones built with electric lights and every convenience. The ship-builders and sea captains, the Westons, Frazers, Drews, Sampsons, Winsors, Freemans, Thomases, have passed on. The town is full of new names. Monied men have come here and bought up land and houses, rents are raised so that people of moderate means, who remember the old time charm of its pure air and warm sea bathing, is resolu- tely and informally, find it quiet to get a place. Circum- stances have taken me far from it. To revisit it now I should feel like John Porter who went away when he was 19 and came back after 25 or 30 years of life in California. When some- one asked him if he found many of his friends and ac- quaintances, he replied, with tears in his eyes, "I find most of them in the church yard."

Yes, the old town has changed-- probably improved -- but in re- collection and association it will always be the dearest spot on earth to me. If the time ever comes when the earth-side walls with grassy edges are repaved by asphalt with stone copings, I am thankful I shall not see it. It is the Old Duxbury I remem- ber and love.

Berkeley, Calif., April, 1921
Pauline Winsor Wilkinson